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DICK WHITTINGTON
AND OTHER STORIES

NEW YORK
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MERRILL'S STORY BOOKS

DICK WHITTINGTON
AND OTHER STORIES

SELECTED AND ARRANGED
BY
FRANK W. HOWARD

NEW YORK
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1909

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DICK WHITTINGTON

MANY, many years ago when Edward the Third was King of England there was a little boy called Dick Whittington. His father and mother died when he was so young that he remembered nothing at all about them. He was left a ragged little fellow running about a country village.

As poor Dick was not old enough to work, he was very badly off. He had but little for his dinner, and sometimes nothing at all for his breakfast. The people who lived in the village

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were very poor. They could not spare him much more than the parings of potatoes, and now and then a hard crust of bread.

But for all this Dick Whittington was a very bright boy. He was always listening to what everybody talked about. On Sunday he was sure to get near the farmers, as they sat talking in the churchyard before the parson arrived. Once a week you might see little Dick leaning against the sign-post

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of the village tavern, where people stopped as they came from the towns around. When the door of the barber's shop was open, Dick listened to all the news that the people there told one another.

In this way Dick heard a great many strange things about the great city called London. The foolish country people then thought that people in London were all fine gentlemen and ladies; and that there was singing and music there all day long; and that the streets were all paved with gold.

One day a large wagon drawn by eight horses with bells at their heads drove through the village while Dick was standing by the sign-post. He thought that this wagon must be going

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to the fine town of London. So he took courage, and asked the wagoner to let him walk with him by the side of the wagon.

The wagoner found that poor Dick had no father or mother and saw by his ragged clothes that he could not be much worse off. So he told him he might go, and they set off together.

No one ever knew how little Dick managed to get food and drink on the road, nor how he could walk so far, nor what he did at night for a place to sleep in. Perhaps some good-natured people in the towns that he passed through, when they saw he was a poor little ragged boy, gave him something to eat. Perhaps the wagoner let him

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get into the wagon at night, and take a nap upon one of the boxes or large parcels in the wagon.

Dick, however, reached London safely. He was in such a hurry to see the fine streets paved with gold, that I am afraid he did not even stay to thank the kind wagoner. He ran off as fast as his legs could carry him, thinking every minute that he would come to the streets that were paved with gold. Dick had seen gold coins three times in his own little village, and he remembered how much money was given in change for them. So he thought he would have nothing to do but to take up some little bits of the pavement, and then have as much money as he could wish for.

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Poor Dick ran till he was tired, and it began to grow dark. Finding that every way he turned he saw nothing but dirt instead of gold, he sat down in a dark corner and cried himself to sleep.

Little Dick was all night in the streets. The next morning, being very hungry, he got up and walked about, asking everybody he met to give him a halfpenny to keep him from starving.

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Only two or three gave him halfpennies, so the poor boy was soon quite weak and faint for want of food.

At last a good-natured gentleman saw how hungry he looked. "Why don't you go to work, my lad?" said he to Dick.

"That I would do willingly, but I do not know how to get any work," answered Dick.

"If you are willing, come along with me," said the gentleman.

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He took him out of the city to a hay-field, where Dick worked busily, and lived merrily till the hay was made.

After this he found himself as badly off as before. He went back to London, and, being almost starved one day, lay down at the door of Mr. Fitzwarren, a

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rich merchant. Here he was soon seen by the cook, who was an ill-tempered creature, and happened just then to be very busy preparing dinner for her master and mistress.

So she called out to poor Dick, "What business have you there, you lazy rogue? If you do not take yourself away, we will see how you like a bath of dish water. I have some here hot enough to make you jump."

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Just at this time Mr. Fitzwarren himself came home to dinner.

When he saw a dirty, ragged boy lying at the door, he said to him, "Why do you lie there, my boy? You seem old enough to work. I am afraid you are lazy."

"No indeed, sir," said Dick, "that is not the case, for I would gladly work if anyone would employ me. I am a country boy and I do not know anybody. I have had nothing to eat for three days, and I am sick for want of food."

"Poor fellow! Get up; and let me see what is the matter with you," said the merchant.

Dick now tried to rise, but had to lie down again, being too weak to stand.

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The kind merchant ordered him to be taken into the house. He was given a good dinner, and was kept to do what work he could for the cook.

Little Dick would have lived very happily in this good family if it had not been for the ill-natured cook. She found fault with him and scolded him from morning to night. She beat him with her broom or the poker and treated him cruelly in other ways. At last some one told Mr. Fitzwarren's daughter.

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Alice, of the cook's harsh treatment. The cook was threatened with dismissal, and from this time on became more reasonable. But Dick had another trouble. His bed was in a garret, and there were so many holes in the floor and the walls that every night he was annoyed by rats and mice.

One day a gentleman gave Dick a penny for cleaning his shoes, and he determined to buy a cat with it. The next day he saw a girl with a cat, and asked if she would let him have it for a penny. The girl said she would, and at the same time told him that the cat was a good mouser.

Dick hid his cat in the garret, and always took care to carry a part of his dinner to her. In a short time she killed or

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drove away the rats and mice, so that he could now sleep quite soundly at night.

Soon after this, Dick's master had a ship ready to sail on a trading voyage. He called for his servants, as was his custom, that they might send something on which to try their fortunes.

They all had something that they were willing to send except poor Dick. He had neither money nor goods, and therefore could send nothing.

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For this reason he did not come into the parlor with the rest. But Miss Alice guessed what was the matter, and ordered him to be called in. She then said she would pay some money for him from her own purse. But her father told her this would not do, for it must be something of his own.

When poor Dick heard this, he said he had nothing but a cat which he had bought with a penny that was given him.

"Fetch your cat then, my good boy," said Mr. Fitzwarren, "and let her go."

Dick went upstairs and brought down poor puss. He gave her to the captain with tears in his eyes. He said he should now be kept awake all night by the rats and mice.

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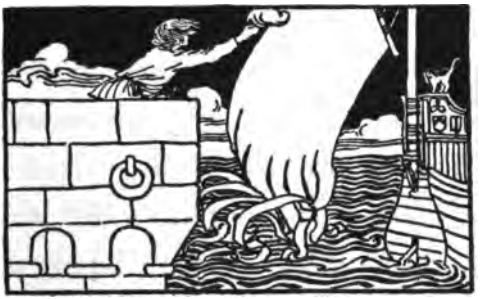

They all laughed at this except Miss Alice. She pitied the poor boy, and gave him some money to buy another cat.

This, and many other marks of kindness shown him by Miss Alice, made the ill-tempered cook jealous of poor Dick. She began to treat him more cruelly than ever, and laughed at him for sending his cat to sea. She asked him if he thought his cat would sell for enough money to buy a stick to beat him.

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At last poor Dick could not bear this treatment any longer, and he determined to run away. So he packed up his few belongings, and started out very early one morning. He walked as far as Holloway. There he sat down on a stone, which to this day is called Whittington's Stone, and began to think to himself which road he should take.

While he was thinking what he should do, the bells of Bow Church began to ring. He fancied their sound seemed to say to him,

> "Turn again, Whittington,
> Lord Mayor of London."

"Lord Mayor of London!" said he to himself. "Why, to be sure, I would

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put up with almost anything now, to be Lord Mayor of London, and ride in a fine coach, when I grow to be a man! Well, I will go back, and think nothing of the beating and scolding of the old cook, if I am some day to be Lord Mayor of London."

Dick went back, and was lucky enough to get into the house, and set about his work before the old cook came downstairs.

The ship, with the cat on board, was a long time at sea. At last it was driven by the winds on the coast of Barbary, where lived the Moors, a people whom the English had never known before.

The people came in great numbers to see the ship and the sailors, who were

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of a different color from themselves. They treated the sailors very well; and, as they became better acquainted, were very eager to buy the fine things with which the ship was loaded.

When the captain saw this, he sent samples of the best things he had to the king of the country. The king was so much pleased with them that he sent for the captain to come to the palace. Here the people were seated, as is the custom of the country, on rich carpets orna-

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mented with gold and silver flowers. The king and queen were seated at the upper end of the room. Dinner was brought in. But no sooner were the dishes set down than mice rushed in and ate up all the meat in an instant. The captain wondered at this, and asked if these creatures were not very unpleasant.

"Oh yes," said the people, "very unpleasant. The king would give half his treasure to be rid of them. They not only destroy his dinner, as you see, but they attack him in his chamber, and bite him in bed, so that he has to be watched while asleep."

The captain jumped for joy, remembering poor Whittington and his cat. He told the king he had something on board the ship that would destroy all

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these creatures at once. The king drew such a sigh of relief at this news that his turban dropped off his head.

"Bring it to me," said he; "these creatures are dreadful in a court. If it will do what you say I will load your ship with gold and jewels."

The captain, who knew his business, took this chance to set forth the merits of Miss Puss. He told the king that it would be very inconvenient to part with her, for when she was gone the rats and mice might destroy the goods in the ship. But to oblige his majesty he would bring her.

"Run, run!" said the queen; "I am impatient to see the dear creature."

Away went the captain to the ship, while another dinner was made

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ready. He put puss under his arm, and arrived once more at the palace in time to see the dining table full of rats.

When the cat saw them, she did not wait, but jumped out of the captain's arms, and in a few minutes laid almost all the rats and mice dead at her feet. The rest scampered away in fright to their holes.

The king and queen were charmed to get so easily rid of such plagues. They desired that the creature which

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had done them such a kindness might be brought for them to see.

Upon this the captain called, "Pussy, pussy, pussy!" and the cat came running to him.

He then presented her to the queen, who started back, afraid to touch a creature which had so frightened the rats and mice.

However, when the captain stroked the cat and called, "Pussy, pussy," the queen also touched her and cried, "Putty, putty," for she could not speak English. The captain then put her down on the queen's lap. She purred and played with her majesty's hand, and then sang herself to sleep.

The king, having seen what the cat could do, and being told that her kit-

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tens would stock the whole country, bargained with the captain for the whole ship's cargo. But he gave ten times as much for the cat as for all the rest.

The captain then took leave of the king and queen, and set sail for England. After a happy voyage he arrived safely in London.

One morning Mr. Fitzwarren had just come to his counting house and had seated himself at the desk, when somebody came tapping at the door.

"Who's there?" said Mr. Fitzwarren.

"A friend," was the answer; "I come to bring you good news of your ship Unicorn."

The merchant at once opened the door, and there were seen the captain and the agent with a box of gold and

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jewels. The merchant lifted up his eyes and thanked heaven for sending him such a prosperous voyage.

The captain then told the story of the cat, and showed the rich present that the king and queen had sent for her to poor Dick. As soon as the merchant heard this he called out to his servants,

"Go bring him; we will tell him of the same.
Pray call him Mr. Whittington by name."

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Mr. Fitzwarren now proved himself a good and honest man. When some of the people said that so great a treasure was too much for Dick, he answered, "God forbid that I should take from him the value of a single penny."

He then sent for Dick, who at that time was scouring pots for the cook, and was very dirty.

Mr. Fitzwarren ordered a chair to be set for the boy. Dick began to think they were making fun of him, and begged them not to play tricks with a poor simple lad, but to let him go down again to his work if they pleased.

"Indeed, Mr. Whittington," said the merchant, "we are all quite in earnest. I most heartily rejoice in the news these gentlemen have brought. The

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captain has sold your cat to the King of Barbary, and has brought you in return for her more riches than I possess in the whole world. I trust you may long enjoy them!"

Mr. Fitzwarren then told the men to open the great treasure they had brought with them.

He said, "Mr. Whittington has nothing to do but to put it in some place of safety."

Poor Dick was so overjoyed that he hardly knew how to behave himself. He begged his master to take what part of it he pleased, since it was all due to his kindness.

"No, no," answered Mr. Fitzwarren, "this is all your own. I have no doubt that you will use it well."

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Dick next asked his mistress, and then Miss Alice, to accept a part of his great wealth. They would not, but told him that they felt great joy at his good fortune. But the poor fellow was too kind-hearted to keep it all to himself. He made presents to the captain, to the mate, and to Mr. Fitzwarren's servants, even to the ill-natured old cook.

After this Mr. Fitzwarren advised Dick to send for the proper people and get himself dressed like a gentleman, and said he was welcome to stay in his house till he could provide himself with a better place.

When Whittington's face was washed, his hair curled, and he was dressed in a nice suit of clothes, he was as handsome and genteel as any young man who

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visited at Mr. Fitzwarren's. Miss Alice, who had once been so kind to him, and thought of him with pity, now looked upon him as fit to be her sweetheart. Whittington was always thinking what he could do to please her, and making her the prettiest presents that he could.

Mr. Fitzwarren soon saw their love for each other, and proposed to join them in marriage. To this they both

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readily agreed. A day for the wedding was soon fixed. They were attended to the church by the Lord Mayor, the sheriffs, and a great number of the richest merchants in London, to whom they afterwards gave a very rich feast.

History tells us that Whittington and his lady lived in great splendor, and were very happy. They had several children. Whittington was Sheriff of London, also Mayor, and was knighted by Henry the Fifth.

The figure of Sir Richard Whittington with his cat in his arms, carved in stone, was to be seen till the year 1780 over the archway of the old prison of Newgate.

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CINDERELLA, OR THE LITTLE GLASS SLIPPER

THERE once lived a man who took for his second wife the proudest woman ever seen. She had been married before, and had two daughters who were very much like her. Her husband had a young daughter of very sweet and gentle temper. In this she was like

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her mother, who was the best woman in the world.

No sooner was the wedding over than the stepmother began to show her bad temper. She could not bear her young stepdaughter whose gentle ways made those of her own daughters seem even more disagreeable by contrast.

Because of this the poor girl had to do the meanest work of the house. She it was who must wash the dishes, and rub the tables and chairs, and clean the bedrooms of her stepmother and her stepsisters. She slept in a garret, upon a wretched straw bed. Her sisters' rooms had shining floors and soft beds, and looking-glasses so long and broad that they could see themselves from head to foot.

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The stepdaughter bore everything as well as she could. She did not dare to complain to her father. He would have sent her away from home, for his new wife made him do everything she wished.

When the poor girl finished her work she was not allowed to come into the parlor. She had to sit in the chimney corner in the kitchen, among the cinders, so in the house she went by the name of Cinder-maid. The younger of the two sisters, who was not so rude and unkind as the elder, called her Cinderella. Ragged as she was, Cinderella looked a hundred times prettier than her sisters, though they were always dressed very finely.

Now it happened that the king's son gave a ball to which he invited the fine

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people of the city. Among others Cinderella's sisters were invited. They were much pleased at being asked, and were busy for days before the ball choosing such dresses as might become them.

This was a new trouble for Cinderella. It was she who ironed her sisters' linen, and plaited their ruffles.

There was little talked of but what dresses should be worn at the ball.

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"I," said the elder, "will wear my crimson velvet gown."

"I," said the younger, "will wear a dress all flowered with gold and a pin of diamonds in my hair."

They sent for Cinderella to ask her advice, for she had excellent taste. She helped them as much as she could, and even offered to dress their hair.

While she was doing this, her sisters said to her, "Cinderella, would you not be glad to go to the ball?"

"Ah," said she, "you only laugh at me; it is not for such as I am to go there."

"You are right," replied they, "it would make the people laugh to see a cinder-maid at the ball.

Any one but Cinderella would have

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dressed their hair badly, but she was good and always did her best.

At last the happy moment arrived, and the two sisters set off for the ball. Cinderella looked after them till they passed from her sight. Then she sat down and began to cry.

Her godmother came in, and seeing

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her in tears, asked what was the matter.

"I want — oh, I want —" sobbed poor Cinderella, without being able to say another word.

Her godmother, who was a fairy, said to her, "You want to go to the ball, do you not?"

"Oh, yes!" said Cinderella, sighing.

"Well, then," said her godmother, "be a good girl, and I will arrange for you to go."

Then taking her kindly by the hand, she said, "Run into the garden, and bring me a pumpkin."

Cinderella went quickly, and brought back the finest she could get. Her godmother scooped out the inside, leaving nothing but the rind. This done,

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she struck it with her wand, and the pumpkin was at once changed into a fine coach, gilded all over.

She then looked into the mouse trap, where she found six mice, all alive. She told Cinderella to open the door of the mouse trap. As the mice came out, one by one, she tapped them with her wand, and they changed into splendid horses. So Cinderella

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had a coach and six fine dapple-gray horses.

"Here, my child, are your coach and horses," said the godmother; "but what shall we do for a coachman? Run and see if there is not a rat in the trap."

Cinderella brought the trap, and in it there were three huge rats. The fairy chose the biggest of the three, and by a touch of the wand he was turned into a fat, jolly coachman.

She next said to Cinderella, "Go again into the garden, and you will find six lizards behind the watering-pot; bring them to me."

Cinderella did so and her godmother turned them into six footmen. They at once skipped up behind the coach as if they had been footmen all their lives.

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Then said the fairy, "Now here is something to take you to the ball; are you pleased with it?"

"Oh, yes," cried Cinderella, "but must I go in these ragged clothes?"

Her godmother just touched her with her wand, and at once her clothes were turned into cloth of silver and gold, all covered with jewels. On her feet were a pair of glass slippers, the prettiest in the world.

Being thus finely dressed, she got into her coach. Her godmother told her, above all things, not to stay past midnight.

"For," she said, "if you stay one moment longer, the coach will turn into a pumpkin again, the horses into mice, the coachman into a rat, the footmen

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into lizards, and your clothes will become just as they were before."

Cinderella promised her godmother she would not fail to leave the ball before midnight. Then away she drove, happy as a queen.

The king's son, being told that a great princess had come, ran out to meet her. As she stepped from the coach he gave her his hand and led her into the hall.

At once every one became silent. Both the dancing and the music stopped. The guests whispered one to another, "Ah, how lovely she is! Ah, how lovely she is!" All the ladies were busy looking at her clothes, that they might have some made like them. Then the music struck up and the king's son

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took her to dance with him. She danced so gracefully that they all admired her more and more.

A fine supper was served, but the young prince ate not a bit, so busy was he waiting on the princess. Cinderella sat down by her sisters, and was very kind to them, giving them part of the fruit which the prince had given to her. While she was talking with her sisters she heard the clock strike a quarter to twelve. She made a bow to the fine people and then hastened home. She thanked her godmother, and said she wished that she might go the next night to another ball, to which the prince had invited her.

While she was telling her godmother

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all that had happened, her two sisters knocked at the door. Cinderella ran at once to open it.

"How long you have stayed!" cried she, pretending to yawn.

"If you had been at the ball," said one of them, "you would not be sleepy, I can tell you. There came to the ball the very loveliest princess that ever was seen. She showed us great kindness, and gave us oranges and citrons."

Cinderella asked the name of the prin-

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cess, but they told her they did not know it. They said that the king's son would give all the world to know who she was.

At this, Cinderella, smiling, replied, "She must be very beautiful. Could I not see her? Ah! dear Miss Charlotte, do lend me your yellow gown that you wear every day."

"Oh, indeed," cried Miss Charlotte, "lend my clothes to such a dirty cinder-maid as you are!"

The next night the two sisters went to the ball and so did Cinderella. She was dressed more finely than she had been on the first night.

The king's son was always by her side, and never ceased saying kind things to her. She was so far from finding

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this tiresome that she forgot what her godmother had told her. All at once, when she thought it was no later than eleven, she heard the clock striking twelve. She rose up and ran from the room as nimbly as a deer.

The prince ran after her but could not overtake her. But she dropped one of her glass slippers, which he carefully took up. She reached home all out of breath, without coach or footman, and in her ragged old clothes. Nothing was left of all her finery but one of the little slippers.

The guards at the gate were asked if they had seen a princess go out. They said they had seen nobody except a young girl very meanly dressed.

When the two sisters returned, Cin-

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derella asked them if they had been as much amused as the night before, and if the beautiful princess had been there.

"Yes," they told her, "but she went away in great haste just as the clock was striking twelve. She dropped one of her little glass slippers, the prettiest in the world, which the king's son picked up."

They also said that he was very much in love with the pretty lady who owned the glass slipper. He had done nothing but look at her all the time at the ball.

What they said was quite true. The king's son sent men through the city to say that he would marry the lady whose foot this slipper would just fit. The men began by trying it on the princesses, then on the duchesses, then

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on all the other great ladies of the court, but all in vain, for not one of them could wear it. It was then brought to the two sisters, who tried hard to put it on, but they too tried in vain.

Cinderella was looking at them all the while. She could not help smiling, and at last she said, "Let me see what I can do with the slipper."

Her sisters laughed and said, "Very

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likely that it will fit your clumsy foot!"

The man who had been sent to try the slipper looked hard at Cinderella.

Finding her very pretty he said, "It is but fair that she shall try. I have orders to let every one try who wishes."

He told Cinderella to sit down, and he put the slipper on her foot. It went on very easily, and fitted her as if it had been made of wax.

The astonishment of the two sisters was great, but how much greater was their surprise when Cinderella drew out of her pocket the other slipper, and put it on.

At that very moment in came her godmother. With one touch of her wand she made Cinderella appear more

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beautiful than ever, and even more finely dressed than she had been at the ball.

And now her two sisters found that

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she was the beautiful lady whom they had seen at the ball. They threw themselves at her feet, and begged her pardon for the unkind way in which they had treated her.

Cinderella forgave them with all her heart and begged that they would always love her.

She was then led to the palace. The young prince received her with great joy, and in a few days they were married.

Cinderella, who was as good as she

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was beautiful, took her sisters to live with her in the palace. They married two great lords of the court, and they all lived happily ever afterwards.

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BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

ONCE upon a time there lived in a far-off country a very rich merchant. He had six children, three boys and three girls. As he was a kind father he did all that he could to bring them up well, and had them taught everything that was good.

His daughters were very pretty, but the youngest was prettiest of all. When

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she was a child she was called Beauty, and when she grew up she still kept the name. This made her sisters jealous.

But Beauty was not only lovelier than her sisters, she was also better than they. They were proud of their riches, and wished always to be with people who were richer than themselves. Every day they went to balls and theaters, and they laughed at Beauty, who spent a great part of her time in study.

As it was well known that these sisters were very rich, many great merchants wished to marry them. But the two older ones always said that they would never marry any one but a duke, or at least an earl. Beauty, however, thanked

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those who wished to marry her, saying that she was too young to leave her father, and that she hoped to be with him for some years longer.

All at once the merchant lost his whole fortune. Nothing was left him but a little house in the country, a great way from town. Weeping, he told his children that they must go and live there and work for their living.

The two older daughters answered that they would not leave town. They

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said that they had lovers who would be glad to marry them, though they had no fortune. But in this they were mistaken, for their lovers left them as soon as it was known that they were poor. They were so proud and haughty that no one really loved them.

People said, "They do not deserve to be pitied; we are glad to see their pride humbled. Let them put on airs while milking their cows and minding their dairy. But," added they, "we

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are very sorry for Beauty. She is such a good girl. She speaks so softly to poor folk, and is so gentle and kind."

Several gentlemen would have married her, although they knew she had not a penny. But she told them she could not think of leaving her poor father in his trouble. She meant to go with him into the country, to comfort him and give what help she could.

Poor Beauty at first was sadly grieved at the loss of her fortune.

"But," said she to herself, "were I to cry ever so much it would make things no better. So I must try to make myself happy without a fortune."

When they came to their cottage, the merchant and his sons spent their time in tilling the ground.

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Beauty rose at four in the morning. She swept and dusted the house and had dinner ready for them all. At first she found it very hard, for she had not been used to such work. But in less than two months she grew stronger and healthier than ever. After she had finished her work, she read or played on her harp. Sometimes she sang while she spun.

Her two sisters, on the contrary,

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were wretched. They rose at ten o'clock, and did nothing but stroll about the whole day and complain of the loss of their fine clothes and acquaintances.

"Just see our youngest sister," said one to the other; "what a poor, stupid creature she is, to be contented with such a miserable lot."

The good merchant, however, thought quite differently. He knew very well that Beauty was as much wiser than

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her sisters as she was fairer. He admired her industry, her kindness, and above all her patience, for her sisters not only left her all the work of the house to do, but abused her every minute.

For about a year they lived together in this way. Then the merchant received a letter saying that a ship, in which he had some goods, had safely arrived.

This news greatly excited the two older daughters. They thought that here was a chance of their leaving the country, where they were so wretched. When they saw their father ready to set out, they begged him to buy them new gowns, caps, rings, and all manner of trifles. Beauty asked for nothing.

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She thought to herself that all the money her father was going to receive would scarcely be enough to buy everything that her sisters wanted.

"What will you have, Beauty?" said her father.

"The only thing I wish for is to see you come home safely," she answered.

This reply vexed her sisters, who thought she was blaming them for having asked for such costly things. Her father was pleased, but as he thought that she too must like pretty presents, he told her to choose something.

"Well, dear father," she said, "as you insist upon it, I beg that you will bring me a rose. I have not seen one since we came here, and I love them so much."

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The good man went on his journey. But when he reached town, the people went to law with him about his goods, and after a great deal of trouble he started home as poor as before.

While going through a great forest about thirty miles from his home, he lost his way. It was snowing hard, and besides, the wind was so high it blew him twice off his horse. Night came on. He began to fear that he would either be frozen, or else be eaten by the wolves which he heard howling all around him.

Suddenly, looking down a long avenue of trees, he saw a bright light some way off. Going a little farther, he found that it came from a palace which was lighted up from top to bottom.

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The merchant thanked God for this, and hurried to the palace. He was greatly surprised not to meet any one in the courtyards.

His horse saw a large stable open, and went in. Finding both hay and oats, the poor beast, which was almost famished, began to eat. The merchant tied him to the manger, and walked towards the house, where he saw no one. Entering a large hall, he found a good fire and a table set for one person.

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As he was wet through with the rain and snow, he drew near to the fire to dry himself.

"I hope," said he, "the master of the house, or his servants, will excuse the liberty I take. I suppose it will not be long before some of them appear."

He waited some time, till the clock struck eleven, and still nobody came. At last he was so hungry that he could wait no longer, but sat down to the table and ate a hearty dinner, trembling all the while.

Then growing bolder, he went out of the hall and began to look about the palace. He went through several grand rooms magnificently furnished. At last he came into a chamber which had a

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very good bed in it. As he was tired and it was past midnight, he shut the door and went to bed.

It was ten o'clock the next morning before the merchant waked. As he was going to rise, he was surprised to see a good suit of clothes in place of his own, which were quite spoiled.

"Certainly," said he, "this palace must belong to some kind fairy. She has seen and pitied my distress."

He looked through a window, and instead of snow he saw the most beautiful arbors and flowers. He then returned to the great hall where he had supped the night before. He found some chocolate ready on a little table.

"Thank you, good Madam Fairy,"

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said he aloud, "for being so kind as to think of my breakfast."

The good man drank his chocolate, and then went to look for his horse. Passing through an arbor of roses, he remembered Beauty's request, and gathered a branch on which were several flowers. Immediately he heard a great noise and saw such a frightful beast coming towards him that he was ready to faint.

"Ungrateful man," said the Beast to him in a terrible voice, "I have saved your life by receiving you into my castle. In return you steal my roses which I love better than anything else in the world. You shall die for this."

The merchant fell on his knees, and lifted up both his hands.

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"My lord," said he, "I beg you to forgive me. Indeed I did not mean to offend you by gathering a rose for one of my daughters, who had asked me to bring her one."

"My name is not My Lord," replied the monster, "but Beast. You are very ready with excuses and flattery, but that will not save you from the death you deserve."

"Alas," thought the merchant, "if my daughter Beauty could only know into what danger her rose has brought me!"

And in despair he began to tell the Beast all his misfortunes, and the reason of his journey.

"It would have taken a fortune to buy all that my other daughters asked,"

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he said, "but I thought that I might at least take Beauty her rose. I beg you to forgive me, for you see I meant no harm."

The Beast thought a minute, and then he said, "I will forgive you on one condition. That is, that you will give me one of your daughters."

"Ah!" cried the merchant, "if I were cruel enough to buy my own life at the expense of one of my children's, what excuse could I make for bringing her here?"

"No excuse would be necessary," answered the Beast. "If she comes at all she must come willingly. On no other condition will I have her. See if any one of them is brave enough, and loves you well enough, to come and

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save your life. I give you a month to see if one of your daughters will come back with you and stay here, to let you go free. If none of them is willing, you must come alone, after bidding them good-by for ever, for then you will belong to me. And do not think that you can hide from me. If you fail to keep your word, I will come and fetch you."

The merchant had no thought of giving one of his daughters to the ugly monster. But he thought that at least he might have the pleasure of seeing his children once more. So he promised to return, and the Beast told him he might set out when he pleased.

"But," added he, "you shall not go empty-handed. Go back to the room

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where you slept, and you will see a great empty chest. Fill it with whatever you like best, and I will send it to your home." With that the Beast went away.

"Well," said the good man to himself, "if I must die I shall have the comfort, at least, of leaving something to my poor children."

He returned to the bedchamber. Finding a great deal of gold, he filled the chest and locked it. Then he took his horse out of the stable and left the palace with as much grief as he had joy on entering it.

The horse of his own accord took one of the roads through the forest. In a few hours the good merchant was at home. His children came around him, but instead of receiving their caresses

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with pleasure, he stood weeping and looked at them.

Then holding out the rose branch to Beauty, he said, "Take these roses, Beauty. Little do you think how much they will cost your poor father."

Then he told them all of his sad adventure. Immediately the two older daughters began to cry, and spoke unkindly to Beauty, who did not cry at all.

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"See what comes of the little wretch's pride!" said they. "She would not ask for fine clothes as we did; no indeed, Miss Beauty wished to be unlike every one else. Now that she is going to be the death of our poor father, she will not shed a tear."

"Why should I?" answered Beauty. "It would be very needless. My father shall not suffer on my account. Since the monster will take one of his daughters in his place, I will go and give myself up to him. Happy am I to think that my death will save my father's life, and be a proof of my love for him."

"No, sister," said her three brothers, "that shall not be. We will go and find the monster, and either kill him or die ourselves."

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"Do not imagine that you can do any such thing, my sons," said the merchant. "The Beast's power is so great that I have no hope of your getting the better of him. Besides I have promised to go back. I am old and have little longer to live; at most I lose but a few years, which I regret for your sakes, my dear children."

"Indeed, father, you shall not go to the palace without me," said Beauty. "You cannot keep me from following you."

In spite of all they could say, Beauty still insisted on setting out for the palace. Her sisters were not sorry, for her goodness had made them jealous.

The merchant, however, was so grieved at the thought of losing his

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daughter, that he had quite forgotten the chest of gold. But at night, as soon as he had shut his door, what was his astonishment to find it by his bedside. He determined, however, not to tell his children that he had grown rich. His two older daughters would have wanted to return to town, and he was resolved not to leave the country. But he trusted Beauty with the secret.

She then told him that two gentlemen had come in his absence, and courted her sisters. She begged her father to consent to their marriage, and give them fortunes. She was so good that she loved them, and forgave them for all their bad treatment of her.

At last the time came for Beauty to go to the palace. Her wicked sisters

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rubbed their eyes with an onion to force some tears when they parted with her. Her brothers were very sad. Beauty was the only one who did not shed tears at parting. She did not wish to increase her father's grief.

The horse took the direct road to the palace. Towards evening they saw it all lighted up as at first. The horse went into the stable, and the good man and his daughter entered the great hall. There they found a table magnificently spread for two persons. The merchant had no heart to eat, but Beauty, trying to seem cheerful, sat down at the table and served him.

Afterwards, she thought to herself, "Beast surely wishes to fatten me be-

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fore he eats me, since he provides such a good supper."

When they had supped, they heard a great noise. The merchant with tears bade his poor child farewell, for he thought the Beast was coming to take her away. Beauty was greatly frightened at the Beast's horrid form, but she took courage as well as she could.

The monster asked her if she came willingly.

"Yes," said she, trembling.

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"I am pleased with you," said the Beast. "As you have come of your own accord, you may stay. As for you, old man," he added, turning to the merchant, "at sunrise to-morrow you must go; but remember that you must never expect to see my palace again."

Then turning to Beauty, he said, "Take your father into the next room, and help him to choose everything you think your brothers and sisters would like to have. You will find two traveling trunks there; fill them as full as you can. It is only just that you should send them something very precious as a remembrance of yourself."

Then he went away, after saying, "Good-by, Beauty; good-by, old man."

"O daughter," said the merchant, em-

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bracing Beauty, "I am almost frightened to death. Believe me, you had better go back and let me stay here."

"No, father," said Beauty firmly, "go and leave me."

That night Beauty dreamed that a fair lady came and said to her, "I am pleased with your brave heart, Beauty. You shall be rewarded for being willing to give up your own life to save your father's."

In the morning Beauty told her father her dream, and it helped to comfort him a little. Yet he could not help crying bitterly when he took leave of his dear child, for he feared he might never see her again.

As soon as he was gone, Beauty sat down in the great hall and began to

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cry. But as she was a very brave girl, she determined not to be uneasy during the short time she had to live. She thought that the Beast would eat her up that night.

She made up her mind then to walk about and see this great castle. It was a delightful place, and she could not help admiring it. She was very much surprised to find a door, over which was written, "Beauty's Room." She opened the door, and was dazzled by the splendor that she saw within. There, among other things, were a great many books, a harp, and many books of music.

"Ah," thought Beauty, "had the Beast thought of eating me at once, he would surely not have provided these things for my amusement."

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So taking courage, she went to the book-shelves. There she saw written in gold letters, "Wish or command, you are queen and mistress here."

"Alas," said she, sighing, "I want nothing but to see my poor father again, and to know what he is now doing."

Scarcely had she thought this than what was her surprise, on looking at a great mirror near by, to see there her own home. Her father was just arriving with a very sad face. Her sisters came out to meet him, and in spite of their pretended grief, the joy they felt at their sister's loss was plainly to be seen.

One moment after, all had vanished. Beauty could not help thinking this

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had been a proof of the Beast's kindness, and that she had nothing to fear from him.

In the evening she returned to the great hall, where she found dinner ready. The most delightful music played during dinner. When Beauty had finished, the table was cleared and the choicest wines and fruits were set before her.

At the same hour as on the day before, she heard the noise of the Beast's coming. He entered, and advancing

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towards Beauty, who dared not look up, he said, "Will you let me sit with you?"

"That is as you please," replied she.

"Not so," said the Beast, "for you are mistress here. If my company is disagreeable I will go."

Then the Beast asked her how she had been amusing herself, and she told him about all the rooms she had seen.

Then he asked if she thought she could be happy in his palace. Beauty answered that everything was so beautiful that she would be very hard to please if she could not be happy. And after about an hour's talk she began to think that the Beast was not nearly so terrible as she had supposed at first.

Then he got up to leave her, and said

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in a gruff voice, "Do you love me, Beauty? Will you marry me?"

"Oh! what shall I say?" cried Beauty, for she was afraid to make the Beast angry by refusing.

"Say 'yes' or 'no' without fear," he replied.

"Oh no, Beast," said Beauty hastily.

"Since you will not, good night, Beauty," he said.

And she answered, "Good night, Beast," very glad to find that her refusal had not made him angry.

The days passed quickly. Every day Beauty found some new thing to amuse her, so that she could never feel lonely.

Every evening after supper the Beast came to see her, and always before saying good night asked her in his

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terrible voice, "Beauty, will you marry me?"

And it seemed to Beauty, now that she understood him better, that when she said, "No, Beast," he went away quite sad.

All this time Beauty did not forget her father. One day she felt a very strong desire to know how he was and what he was doing. At that instant she looked at a mirror and saw that her father had grown ill with grief and lay

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in his bed. Her sisters were trying on some fine dresses in another room. At this sad sight poor Beauty wept bitterly.

When the Beast came as usual, he saw her grief and asked the cause. She told him what she had seen, and how much she wished to go and nurse her father. He asked her if she would promise to return at the end of a week if she went. Beauty gave him her promise.

"Well, then," said the Beast, "you will find yourself there to-morrow; but ah! do not forget to return. You will only have to place your ring on a table when you go to bed if you wish to come back. Farewell, Beauty."

The Beast sighed as he spoke, and

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Beauty went to bed very sad because she must give him pain.

When she waked in the morning she found herself in her father's cottage beside his bed. He almost died of joy when he saw his dear daughter, and for more than a quarter of an hour they forgot all else.

Then Beauty remembered that she had no gown to put on. But the servant told her that she had just found in the next room a great chest full of golden gowns sewed with diamonds. Beauty thanked the good Beast in her heart. Choosing the simplest dress, she told the maid to lock away the others, as she would give them to her sisters. But hardly had she said so, when the chest disappeared. Her father told her

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that the Beast wished her to keep them for herself. Immediately the dresses and the chest came back to the same place.

Then Beauty put on her gown. When she had done so, her sisters, who had been sent for, came with their husbands.

They were both very unhappy. The older had married a young gentleman as handsome as the day. But he was so much in love with his own face that he thought of nothing else from morning till night, and never noticed the beauty of his wife. The second had married a man of wit, who liked to tease and annoy every one, especially his wife.

The two sisters were very much displeased at Beauty's return, for they

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had hoped that the Beast would have destroyed her. They were greatly annoyed to see her dressed like a queen and as lovely as a flower. In vain did Beauty caress them. They were very jealous, — all the more so when Beauty told them of her happiness.

Beauty and her father went down to the garden, where they could talk as they pleased.

The older sister said to the other, "Why should this wretch be better off than we are? Let us try to keep her here beyond the time. The monster will then be so angry with her for breaking her promise that he will destroy her at once when she returns."

"That is a good plan," replied the sister. "We will keep her."

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In order to succeed, they treated Beauty with the greatest affection, so that she almost wept for joy. When the week had passed the two sisters tore their hair and pretended they would die of grief if Beauty were to go. So that she promised to remain another week.

Nevertheless, Beauty fretted at the grief she must be causing her poor Beast. She loved him with all her heart and longed to see him again.

The tenth night that she spent at her father's house she dreamed that she was in the palace garden. There on the grass lay the Beast, almost dead. He blamed her as being the cause of his distress. Beauty awoke weeping.

"Ah!" said she, "am I not ungrate-

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ful to grieve the Beast who is so kind to me? I will not make him unhappy. All my life long I should have to reproach myself for being so ungrateful."

So Beauty got up, and placing her ring on the table, fell again into a sound sleep. She woke to find herself in the palace. Everything was just as she had left it, but the sweet sounds of music which used to greet her were now hushed. An air of gloom hung over everything. She herself felt very sad, but she knew not why.

At the usual time she expected a visit from the Beast, but no Beast appeared. Beauty, wondering what all this could mean, now reproached herself for not having returned when she had promised. She feared the poor

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Beast had died of grief, and she determined to seek him in every part of the palace. She ran through every apartment, but no Beast could be seen. Then remembering her dream, with a sorrowful heart she hastened into the garden, where she had seen him in her sleep.

At last she came to a plot of grass where the poor Beast lay as if dead. Beauty ran to him, and knelt by his side.

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"Oh, he is dead; and it is all my fault!" she cried.

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But looking at him again she saw that he still breathed. She ran and brought some water which she sprinkled on his face.

He opened his eyes and said, "Beauty, you forgot your promise, and therefore I must die."

"No, dear Beast," exclaimed Beauty, weeping, "no; you shall not die. You will live to be my husband. I never knew how much I loved you until just now when I feared that I was too late to save your life."

No sooner had these words passed her lips than the Beast disappeared and she saw at her feet a handsome prince, who thanked her for having broken his enchantment. At the same moment the whole castle was lighted

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up, the sweetest music was heard, and bells rang merrily.

Beauty, however, could think of nothing but her dear Beast, and asked the prince where she could find him.

"You see him at your feet," answered he. Then he told her that a wicked fairy had made him take the form of a beast until a beautiful maiden should consent to marry him. "But," added he, "you were the only one in the world good enough to be touched by my kind heart and unhappy state. This palace and all that belongs to me are but a poor return for your sweet goodness."

So saying, he led Beauty to the great hall of the palace, which was now full of people. At the same instant that the Beast was changed, the

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whole palace became full of his servants, all of whom had been made invisible when the prince was enchanted.

But what was Beauty's joy to find in the hall her father and sisters, brought there by the kind fairy who had appeared to her in her sleep.

"Beauty," said she, "here is the reward of your wise choice. You have chosen goodness, and you shall have beauty and wisdom as well."

Then turning to the frowning sisters she punished them by turning them into two statues. They had to stand by the door of their sister's palace, until their hard hearts changed and became soft.

So the prince married Beauty, and they lived happily together for many, many years.

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JACK AND THE BEANSTALK

THERE once lived a poor widow in a cottage which stood in a country village. This widow had one son named Jack, whom she allowed to do everything he wished. The result of her foolish kindness was that Jack paid little attention to anything she said. This was not because he had a bad

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nature, but because his mother had never made him do better.

Jack would not work, and his mother was not rich. So to support the two she was obliged to sell everything she could spare. At last nothing was left but a cow.

The widow, with tears in her eyes, could not help scolding Jack.

"O you wicked boy!" said she, "By your idleness and folly you have now brought us both to want. Careless, careless boy! I have not money enough to buy a bit of bread for another day. Nothing is left but my poor cow. That must be sold, or we shall starve!"

Jack was sorry and ashamed for a few minutes, but that was soon over. As he grew very hungry he teased his

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poor mother to let him sell the cow. At last she sadly consented to do so.

As he went on his journey he met a butcher, who asked why he was driving the cow from home.

Jack replied that he was going to sell it.

The butcher had in his bag some wonderful beans of different colors.

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Jack admired these very much, and the butcher, seeing this, made up his mind to make a sharp bargain, so he offered to give Jack the beans for the cow. The foolish boy thought it a great offer. The bargain was made at once, and the cow was exchanged for a few gay beans.

Jack hastened home with the beans, and showed them to his mother, telling her what he had done. She was very angry, and threw the beans away. Some of them fell as far as the garden.

Early the next morning Jack rose from his bed, and seeing something strange from the window, he hastened downstairs into the garden.

There he found that some of the

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beans had taken root, and had grown wonderfully. The stalks were very

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thick, and had so grown together that they formed a great ladder.

Jack looked up, but could not see the top. It seemed to be lost in the clouds. He tried to shake the beanstalk but found it firm. Jack made up his mind that he would climb it, and see where it would lead. He even forgot his hunger, and hastened to tell the plan to his mother.

Gaining her consent, he set out. After climbing for some hours, he reached the top of the beanstalk, tired and almost worn out. Looking around, he was surprised to find himself in a strange country. It seemed to be a barren desert. Not a tree, shrub, house, or living creature was to be seen.

Jack sat down upon a stone, and

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thought of his mother and wished that he had been more of a help and comfort to her. He grew very hungry and felt sorry that he had climbed the beanstalk as it now seemed that he must die for want of food.

However he walked on, hoping to see a house where he might beg something to eat. Suddenly he saw a beautiful young woman at some distance. She was elegantly dressed, and had a small white wand in her hand. On the top of the wand was a peacock of pure gold.

She came near and said, "I will tell you a story which your mother has not dared to tell you. But before I begin you must promise to do what I command. I am a fairy. But un-

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less you do just what I tell you to do you will take from me the power to help you and there is little doubt but that you will be killed."

Jack was frightened at these words, but promised to obey her.

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"Your father was a rich man, and very generous. He never refused to help the poor people about him; but, on the other hand, he sought out the helpless and distressed.

"Not many miles from your father's house lived a huge giant. His cruelty and wickedness made him feared by all the people of the country. He was very envious too, and disliked to hear others praised for their goodness. He vowed to injure your father, so that he might no longer hear his good deeds made the subject of every one's talk.

"Your father was too good a man to fear evil from others. So it was not long before the cruel giant found a chance to do the evil he wished. When your parents were going to spend a

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few days with a friend, the giant had your father murdered and your mother seized and carried away.

"At the time this happened, you were but a few months old. Your poor mother, almost dead with fright, was carried by the cruel giant's servants to a dungeon under his house. Here she and her poor babe were kept prisoners. The servants became alarmed at the absence of your parents, and went in search of them, but could find nothing of their whereabouts.

"The giant had a will made that left all your father's property to him as your guardian. This he pretended to find, and he took possession of all the fortune which your father had left.

"After your mother had been kept

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some months in prison, the giant set her free. He made her swear that

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she would never tell the story of her wrongs to any one. To put it out of her power to do him any harm if she should break her oath, the giant had her put on a ship and taken to a distant country. She was left there with no money for her support except what she got by selling a few jewels she had hidden in her dress.

"I was made your father's guardian at his birth. But fairies have laws to which they are subject as well as mortals. A short time before the giant killed your father I did a wrong, and I was punished by having my power taken from me for a time. This kept me from helping your father, even when I most wished to do so.

"The day that you met the butcher

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as you went to sell your mother's cow, my power was given back to me. It was I who secretly prompted you to take the beans in exchange for the cow. By my power the beanstalk grew so high, and formed a ladder.

"The giant who injured your father lives in this country. You must punish him for all his wickedness. You will meet with dangers and difficulties, but you must not fail to punish him.

"As to the giant's goods, everything he has is yours by right. You may, therefore, take anything that you can. You must, however, be careful. Such is his love for gold, that the first loss he discovers will make him very angry and very watchful for the future. But

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you must not give up. It is only by cunning that you can ever hope to get the better of him, and to get your property, and to punish him for the cruel murder of your father.

"Do not let your mother know that you have learned your father's history till you see me again.

"Go along the straight road. You will soon see the house where your cruel enemy lives. While you do as I order you, I will guard and protect you. But remember, if you disobey me a dreadful punishment awaits you."

As soon as she had finished speaking she disappeared.

Jack went on his journey. He walked on till after sunset, when to his great joy he saw a large mansion. This

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pleasant sight cheered him, so he hastened on, and soon reached the mansion.

A kind-looking woman stood at the door. He spoke to her, begging that she would give him some bread and a night's lodging. She was very much surprised to see him; and said it was not often that any creature came near the house. It was known in all the country that her husband was a very cruel and powerful giant, and one that would eat human flesh if he could get it.

This account frightened Jack very much, but he did not forget the fairy's promise. So he begged the woman to take him in for one night only, and hide him wherever she could. The woman had a kind heart, and at last

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she agreed to do as Jack wished and led him into the house.

First they passed an elegant hall, finely furnished. They then went through several rooms, all large and beautiful, but they seemed to be quite forsaken. A long dark gallery came next. There was just light enough to show that, instead of a wall on each side, there was a grating of iron. This

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shut off a dismal dungeon from which came the groans of some poor victims whom the cruel giant had shut up.

Poor Jack was in a dreadful fright at seeing these things. He feared that he would never see his mother again, but would be shut up in the dungeon by the giant. Still he remembered the fairy and hoped that she would help him escape.

The good woman then took Jack to a large kitchen, where there was a great stove. She told him to sit down, and gave him plenty to eat and drink.

Just as he finished his meal he heard a knocking at the gate, so loud that it made the house shake. The giant's wife hid Jack in the oven, and ran to let in her husband.

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Jack heard him say in a voice like thunder, "Wife! wife! I smell fresh meat!"

"Oh! my dear," replied she, "it is nothing but the people in the dungeon."

The giant seemed to believe her. At last he seated himself by the fireside, while his wife prepared supper.

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Jack managed to look at the monster through a small crevice. He was surprised to see how much the giant ate; it seemed that he would never finish eating and drinking.

After his supper was over, a very curious hen was brought in and placed on the table before him. Every time the giant said, "Lay!" the hen laid an egg of solid gold. The giant amused

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himself a long time with his hen. Meanwhile his wife went to bed.

At last he fell asleep, and his snoring was like the roaring of cannon. At daybreak he was still asleep. Jack crept softly from his hiding place, seized the hen, and ran off with her as fast as his legs could carry him.

He easily found his way to the beanstalk, and came down better and more

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quickly than he expected. His mother was overjoyed to see him.

"Now, mother," said Jack, "I have brought you home something to make you rich."

The hen laid as many golden eggs as they desired. They sold them, and soon had as much money as they wanted.

For a few months Jack and his mother lived very happily, but he longed to pay the giant another visit.

Early one morning he again climbed the beanstalk, and reached the giant's mansion late in the evening. The woman was at the door as before. Jack told her a pitiful tale, and begged for a night's lodging.

She told him that she had once before let in a poor hungry boy who had stolen

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one of the giant's treasures. Ever since that she had been cruelly treated.

However, she led him to the kitchen, gave him supper, and put him in a lumber closet. Soon after, the giant came in and ate his supper. Then he ordered his wife to bring down his bags of gold and silver.

Jack peeped out of his hiding place. He saw the giant count over his treas-

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ures, and carefully put them back in the bags. Then the giant fell asleep, and snored as before. Jack crept quietly from his hiding place, and went toward the giant. A little dog under the chair barked furiously, but the giant slept on soundly, and soon the dog stopped barking.

Jack seized the bags of money, reached the door in safety, and soon came to the bottom of the beanstalk.

When he reached his mother's cottage

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he found no one there. Much surprised, he ran into the village, and an old woman directed him to a house, where he found his mother. She seemed to be dying. But on being told of Jack's safe return she soon recovered. Jack then gave her two bags of gold and silver.

His mother saw that something troubled him, and tried to find out what it was. But Jack remembered what the fairy had said to him, and would tell nothing. He tried to resist his desire to make another journey up the beanstalk, but in vain.

On the longest day of the year Jack arose as soon as it was light. He climbed the beanstalk, reaching the top with some little trouble. He found the

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road and the journey the same as before.

He arrived at the giant's house in the evening, and found his wife standing as usual at the door. Jack had disguised himself so well that she did not know him. However, when he begged to be let in, he found it very hard to persuade her. At last he was allowed to go in, and was hidden in a great kettle.

When the giant returned, he said as usual, "Wife! Wife! I smell fresh meat!"

This did not frighten Jack, as he had said so before, and had soon been satisfied. However, the giant started up suddenly, and in spite of all his wife could say, he searched all round the room.

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While this was going on, Jack was ready to die with fear, and wished himself at home a thousand times. The giant even came to the kettle and put his hand upon the lid. Jack thought his death was certain, but fortunately

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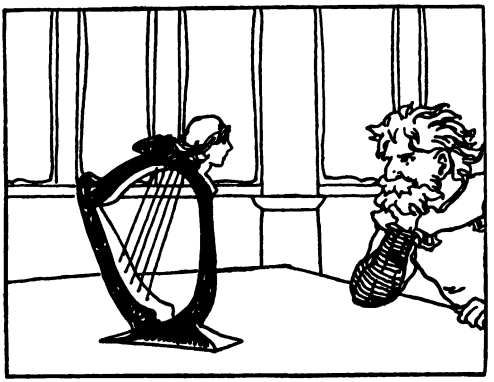

the giant ended his search there, without moving the lid. Then he seated himself quietly by the fireside again.

When the giant's supper was over, he commanded his wife to fetch down his harp. Jack peeped from under the kettle lid, and soon saw a beautiful little golden harp.

It was put on the table by the giant, who said, "Play," and it instantly

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played of its own accord. The music was very fine. Jack was delighted, and felt more anxious to get the harp than either of the former treasures.

The music soon lulled the giant to sleep, and he seemed to sleep even more soundly than usual. Now, therefore, was the time to carry off the harp.

Jack soon made up his mind, got out of the kettle, and seized the harp. But, being enchanted by a fairy, it called out loudly, "Master, master!"

The giant awoke, stood up, and tried to follow Jack; but he had drunk so much that he could not stand. Jack ran as quickly as he could. In a little time the giant was well enough to walk slowly, or rather to reel after him.

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Had he been sober, he must have overtaken Jack at once. As it was, Jack managed to be first at the top of the beanstalk. The giant called to him all the way in a voice like thunder, and was sometimes very near to him.

The moment Jack got down the beanstalk, he called for a hatchet, and

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one was brought him directly. Just at that instant the giant began to come down. Jack with his hatchet cut the beanstalk close off at the root, and the giant fell headlong into the garden.

Jack begged his mother's pardon for all the sorrow he had caused her. He promised to be good and obedient in the future, and he was as good as his word.

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THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

LONG, long ago there lived a king and a queen who were very sad because they had no children. But their sadness at last passed away, for a little daughter was born to them. In his joy the king laughed like any common man.

He gave a grand feast and asked all his friends to come to it. He also invited seven fairies, who were all that he could find in the kingdom.

Before each of the fairies was placed a beautiful gold plate, and a knife,

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fork, and spoon of pure gold set with diamonds and rubies.

After all the guests were seated at the table, in walked an old fairy who had not been invited. For fifty years she had not been out of a certain castle, and the king thought that she was either dead or enchanted.

The king had a place set for her; but he could not give her a gold plate, for he had had only seven made for the

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seven fairies. The old fairy thought herself slighted by this, and muttered some threats between her teeth.

One of the young fairies who sat near, overheard these threats. Fearing some ill fortune for the little princess, she went, as soon as she rose from the table, and hid behind a curtain. She wished to speak last, and undo, if she could, any ill which the old fairy might try to bring to pass.

Then the fairies began to offer gifts to the little princess.

The youngest said that she should be the most beautiful person in the world.

The second, that she should have wit like an angel.

The third, that she should have a

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wonderful grace in everything that she did.

The fourth, that she should sing like a nightingale.

The fifth, that she should dance like a flower in the wind.

And the sixth, that she should play sweetly all kinds of music.

The old fairy's turn came next. She advanced, and with her head shaking more with spite than with age said, "When the princess is fifteen years old, she shall prick her finger with a spindle and shall die of the wound." And without speaking one word more, she turned and left the hall.

All the guests were much grieved at this terrible gift, and many of them began to weep.

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But at this moment the young fairy who had hid behind a curtain came out and said, "Be comforted, O King and Queen. Believe me, your daughter shall not die in this way.

"It is true that I have not power to undo entirely what my elder has done. The princess shall indeed prick her hand with a spindle; but instead of dying she shall only fall into a deep sleep which shall last a hundred years. At

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the end of that time a king's son shall come and awake her."

On hearing this, the king at once gave an order that all the spinning wheels in the kingdom should be burned. He said that no one, on pain of death, should have a spindle in the house.

As the little princess grew up, all the promises of the good fairies were fulfilled. She was so beautiful, sweet-tempered, and wise that every one loved her.

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Now it happened that on her fifteenth birthday the king and queen were away from home. So the princess amused herself by wandering up and down the palace.

At last she came to an old tower. She climbed up the winding stair and reached a little door. A rusty key was in the lock, and the princess turned it.

The door sprang open, and there in a little room sat an old woman with a

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spindle, busily spinning flax. Now either she had not heard of the king's command against spindles, or else it was the wicked fairy who had taken the shape of an old woman.

"Good day, old dame," said the princess. "What are you doing there?"

"I am spinning, dearie," said the old woman, nodding her head.

"Oh!" said the princess, "that is very amusing. Let me see if I can spin. What is the thing that turns round so merrily?" and she took the spindle in her hand.

But she had no sooner touched the spindle than the word of the spiteful fairy was fulfilled, and she pricked her finger.

That very moment she fell upon the floor and lay in a deep sleep. The old

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woman cried out for help, and people came running from every direction.

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Some threw water upon the princess's face; some struck the palms of her hands; but all they could do did not wake her.

When this happened, the good fairy was in a far-off country. But she was quickly told of it by a little dwarf who wore seven-league boots. He ran to her with the news, and she started at once in her fairy chariot. She did not wish the princess to be all alone in the old palace when she should awake a hun-

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dred years later. So she touched with her magic wand everything and every one in the palace, and they all fell asleep — governesses, maids of honor, ladies of the bedchamber, gentlemen, officers, cooks, under-cooks, guards, pages, and footmen. She touched all the horses that were in the stables, the great dog in the outer court, and the little spaniel that lay by the princess on the bed.

Round the castle a vast number of

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trees and bushes and briars began to grow. They became so thick that neither man nor beast could pass through. From without, nothing could be seen but the very top of the tower.

A hundred years were gone and past, when one day a prince came hunting in the forest. Catching sight of the towers above the trees, he asked the forest people what castle it was.

Some said that it was a fairy castle, and some said that it was a place where witches lived. Others told him that it was the home of a great giant.

But at last an old woodman said, "Sir, when I was a boy, my grandfather told me that there was in that castle a princess, the most beautiful ever seen. She must sleep there a hundred years,

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and will be wakened by a king's son whom she is awaiting."

When the prince heard this, he determined to make his way to the castle. In vain did the woodman tell him that already many princes had lost their lives in the attempt. The thorns held fast like strong hands, and the young men caught by them were not able to get away.

The prince only cried out that he would either rescue the sleeping princess or die like the others. Without

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delay he pressed on towards the wood.

Strangely enough, the trees, great and small, the bushes, and the briars made way for him to pass through, and then closed fast behind him. On went the prince all alone. By and by he came to the castle, where all was still as death.

In the courtyard he saw the horses and the spotted hounds lying asleep;

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on the roof sat the doves, with their heads under their wings. He crossed a court paved with marble and came to the guards, leaning with bent heads against the wall, all snoring as loud as they could.

After that he went along halls, through rooms full of gentlemen and ladies, all asleep, some standing, others sitting. At last the prince came to the tower and went up the winding stair and into the little room where the princess was asleep.

There she lay, so beautiful that he could not turn his eyes away. He stooped down and kissed her. And now the enchantment was at an end.

The princess awoke and, looking at him kindly, said, "Is it you, my

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prince? I have waited for you a long time."

At the same moment all the palace awoke. The guards paced stiffly up and down. The gay laughter of lords and ladies rang through the halls. Outside, the dogs barked, the horses neighed, the doves upon the roof took their heads from under their wings and flew into the open country.

Then the prince and the princess went into the great Hall of Looking Glasses, where they held their wedding supper. And in due time the prince became king and the princess queen, and they lived happily all their days.

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